

don't leave me at the end of the cold world

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don't leave me at the end of the cold world

by [WombatRat](#)

Summary

Jasmine Potter, the girl-who-lived, comes back from the graveyard different.

For Gothic Fantasy Fest 2024

Prompt:

Come back wrong

four five six, red tears fall down (one two three, you left me)

Violent, pulsing, ringing sounds echo and crash against her ears as the portkey deposits her in the middle of the stands back at the grounds of Hogwarts. She falls to her knees and promptly vomits the meagre contents of her stomach onto the ground below her. Winds, cold as ice, and the shaking of her limbs are the only feelings she can register. The cheering and shouting from the audience keep attacking her hearing.

(Later, she will faintly, vaguely, remember how Madam Pomfrey performed medical checks on her, while whisking her away before Dumbledore got his hands on her.)

Jasmine Potter falls unconscious on a stretcher being levitated away. Hogwarts celebrating the victory of Jasmine Potter, the Triwizard Champion. The 5th year that beat competitors older than her.

Initial Medical Report

Date: Sunday, 23rd June, 1996

Patient: Jasmine Euphemia Potter

Sex: F

Date of Birth: 31 July 1980

Initial Observations:

Patient unconscious at intake.

Six deep lacerations on left leg.

Several bruises on torso.

Right arm one long laceration.

Severe curse damage on right hip.

Mild blood loss.

Concussion likely.

Additional scrapes, bruises, and minor wounds are expected.

Recommended Treatment:

Sleeping Draught...

Jasmine Potter was not surprised when she awoke alone in the Hogwarts' Hospital Wing. It had become something of a bi-yearly occurrence ever since her first year when Justin Finch-

Fletchley had become possessed by a diary. Then there was the third year with Quirrell and the philosopher's stone. And now, in fifth year, she was here once again, all because of the Triwizard Tournament, another of Voldemort's plots, and this time she had not come out fully on top. She could feel it deep in her body. She was hurting. Physically and mentally.

Unlike other times, there was a big pile of presents and celebratory gifts next to her when she woke up. Usually there were a few get well cards and a few flowers. Now the whole bedside table was overflowing. Jasmine picked up a card at random. A get well card from 'a secret admirer'. She could recognise Seamus Finnigan's handwriting anywhere. Jasmine almost snorted, but five full years in Slytherin had taught her better.

Tiredly, she glanced out of the window and noted how the sun was slowly rising. Dumbledore would come by soon for a 'friendly visit'. She would act as the traumatised teen that she was, and not give that geriatric delusional idiot any information. Either way, he would send her back to the Dursleys' for another summer of abuse and trauma.

Silence. They sat in silence. Jasmine looked down at her hands folded in her lap. One of her thumbnails was hidden and digging in to her palm. The pain kept her grounded and her thoughts disconnected. She believed her Occlumency good enough to defend against Dumbledore, but she was not stupid enough to tempt fate unless she had a good reason.

"Jasmine, my dear girl," his voice was smooth, but Jasmine felt oily just hearing it.

"What happened in the maze?"

She was sitting up in the hospital bed and running through the potion recipes for the OWLs. Turns out even as a victim, and unwilling participant of the Triwizard Tournament, she is expected to take her OWLs. And after her victory, everyone expects her to get Outstanding in all her classes.

"We discovered that the Cup was a portkey."

Why didn't he just shut up? And put some distance between the two of them? He smelled of mildew and rotten fruits. And it was worse than usual.

"When we activated it," he continued, ignoring the wishes of anyone else, "it brought us to a graveyard. What happened in that graveyard my girl?"

Jasmine pushed her nail even harder into her palm. Her senses were somewhat dulled due to potions in her system. She wondered how much it would hurt without the potions.

"Did you encounter Voldemort?"

She nearly flinched at the name of the dark lord. Instead she pressed her thumbnail even harder in her palm. Would she notice if she pierced her skin?

A very pointed and angry cough sounded throughout the Hospital Wing. Dumbledore, like the persistent bacteria that he was, ignored the polite request.

"I need to tend to my patient," Madam Pomfrey announced, "*without any interruptions.*"

A small theatrical sigh escaped the Headmaster's lips. "Very well Poppy. You know you can always come to me if you want to talk, my dear girl."

His voice made her want to throw up. Fortunately, she could keep her outward calm until he left her alone with the mediwitch.

Madam Pomfrey began casting diagnostic spells, and muttered about 'the headmaster not respecting her patients'. The familiar grumpy mood of Madam Pomfrey was a comforting presence, and Jasmine found herself relaxing at the sound.

Investigation Report #204863

Date: Monday, 24th June, 1996

Assigned Auror: Dawlish, John

Background:

Auror's Office alerted by Hogwarts Headmaster Dumbledore, Albus. Headmaster reported that an incident had occurred in connection to the Triwizard Tournament.

Report:

Auror arrived at Hogwarts and interviewed the Headmaster. Two issues emerged, firstly, retired Auror and Defence Against Dark Arts teacher Alastor Moody have not been located. He was last seen patrolling the outside of the maze used for the last task of the Triwizard Tournament. Secondly, the Triwizard cup used as a portkey had a different destination than the Hogwarts grounds. This combined with the disappearance of Auror Moody, the last person to see the cup before Heiress Jasmine Potter appeared as the winner, is troubling.

Activating the portkey with a team of aurors, we arrived in an unidentified graveyard. cursory inspection reveals potential curses damage on gravestones and...

Two nights were spent in the Hospital Wing before Madam Pomfrey let Jasmine go. Just in time to take her OWLs. Everyone and anyone begged to know what happened in the maze. Jasmine only told little of the horrors, and only to a select few.

At the end of year feast Dumbledore gives out vague warnings about 'dark forces' and 'the importance of love and friendship'. Outwardly, every single Slytherin scoffed and ridiculed the ideas and notions, but back in the common room, the atmosphere had been oppressive. They all knew that the dark lord was back, and he wanted Jasmine, the current queen of Slytherin dead.

you said this was all for me (come back to my side)

Jasmine had told all of them that the Dark Lord had resurrected in the graveyard. Still, no matter what she had said to prepare them, nothing could have prepared Draco for returning home and bowing in front of the Dark Lord himself.

Pale, tall and snake-like features. His mere presence, oppressive and pressing down on him. Draco had never been more thankful for all the occlumency training he had been put through as a child.

(Later he would lock himself in his room to cry and have his first panic attack.)

Draco barely noticed how the Dark Lord ordered everyone to leave the two of them alone. He stayed bowed down, his eyes on the floor below him.

"Now, my dear Draco, tell me *everything* you know about Jasmine Potter."

... surprisingly, there are no traces of blood at the scene...

Jasmine completes her summer homework in her first week back in Surrey. She spends two days trying to improve on her essays. The third day she gives up on improving her homework.

The Dursleys told her to stay out of their way, and to stay hidden so the neighbours won't ask about her. They don't lock her door, but they might as well have. Anytime one of them sees her outside of her room, there is screaming and maybe even a punch thrown at her. She only ventures out of her bedroom during the nights for food or bathroom, or if she knows she is home alone. Jasmine cannot decide if it is a good or bad thing that she only talks to Hedwig and the occasional snake.

Every summer since her first year she has, with the help of her fellow Slytherins, smuggled books (many of them less-than-legal) back to the Dursleys. Jasmine tries to distract herself by reading them, but nightmares make it hard to get good sleep, and lack of good sleep makes focusing hard. She tries to push her body to physical exhaustion with push ups and other exercises, but her mind refuses to slow down.

Every time she sleeps, she sees the Dark Lord rising from the cauldron. She remembers the crucio hitting her. She feels him putting his hand on her cheek, smiling triumphantly as he tells her that he can touch her again. And every time she wakes up, she cries silently.

The only reason she knows what day it is, is the daily delivery of the Daily Prophet. Unsurprisingly, there is no news of the return of the Dark Lord. At most, Jasmine can see a snide comment about how Dumbledore warned of 'hidden dangers'. He is, of course, written off as the crazy person he is.

... none of the portraits have any memory of the incident. All claim to have been away from their frames at the point of...

Three weeks into summer vacation is when the nightmares take a new turn. Instead of just reliving the night in the graveyard, Jasmine finds herself stalking endless hallways of a castle. Time seems to extend for years as she slowly traverses the halls. Every single time she wakes up after walking through endless hallways she feels a deep and unshakeable fear. She does not know why.

It takes almost a week until Jasmine realises that some of the halls are in Malfoy Manor. Far from all of them are in Malfoy Manor, but sometimes they are. It confuses her, since she sometimes starts in a hallway she knows, but keep going down a hallway where she knows she has never been allowed to walk down.

... additionally, no witnesses have been found. Which is peculiar considering...

Lord Voldemort had a conundrum that he did not know how best to solve. One 15 year old conundrum. She escaped his grasp at the night of his resurrection, and while infuriating at the time, Lord Voldemort could see greater benefits in the future due to the small setback.

Young Draco had been exceedingly helpful. The Malfoy heir was the cousin and best friend of Lord Voldemort's would-be destroyer, and he held countless memories of Jasmine Potter.

There were several paths Lord Voldemort could take, and he just had to decide which path would be the most amusing.

... initial scans suggest only one spell was used...

Two days before her birthday, Jasmine talks to a large familiar serpent in her dream. She had suspected, but now she had confirmation. She was sharing her dreams with the dark lord.

Several hours were spent quietly, with tears running down her face after she came to the realisation that she wasn't safe as she slept. Despite being a good occlumens she was not protected when most vulnerable.

What good did it do to be behind blood wards if she could still be reached in her dreams?

... there are no signs of forced entry...

Draco and Theo are next to each other, both kneeling in front of the Dark Lord. Both stretching out their left arms, as they were given the dark mark. The act of receiving the dark mark did not take long, and it did not hurt.

"Rise."

One simple command and both Theo and Draco rose to look at their new lord. Conflicted was too light of a word to describe how Draco was feeling. He imagined Theo felt something similar. It took great effort to not turn his head and look at Theo next to him.

"Now, I have a highly vital mission for the two of you."

... no furniture show any signs of damage...

On the 30th of July, Jasmine, as was her tradition, stayed up until midnight before she went to sleep. Had she known what was waiting for her, she would have stayed up longer.

In her dream, the dark lord was patiently waiting for her.

it seems like they'll be waiting for us (the many days that are unfinished)

The atmosphere on the Hogwarts Express held an underlying tone of terror and doubt. No one spoke about the Boggart in the room that was the dark lord and any of his actions during the summer. No one alluded to the fact that Jasmine had faced him at the end of last year.

Jasmine was not too surprised when Theo and Draco avoided her. Neither boy looked anywhere near her. When they both pulled her aside in the dungeons after the welcoming feast, she was not surprised.

The nervousness could be seen on both boys. Theo kept biting his lip, while Draco kept fidgeting with his hand. Still neither of them could look her in the eyes. Jasmine considered letting them sweat, but she did not want to be cruel to her best friends. She threw up several shields to make sure they were not overheard, before turning to the two of them.

"I know you both took the mark."

The look on both of their faces would have made Jasmine laugh if the circumstances were not so serious.

"It's not what you think-"

"We're not gonna hurt you-"

They both spoke at the same time before sharing a look and Draco nodding to Theo.

"We can explain. He ordered us to protect you. To keep you safe even if it cost us our own lives," Theo said, his whole demeanour desperate to be believed. The two boys searched her eyes, waiting for her reaction.

"Why- why aren't you doubting us?" Draco finally asked.

Inadvertently, a small smile crept up on her face. "I had an interesting conversation this summer."

... regarding Subject Two, no physical wounds were found...

The school year went by slowly as Jasmine, Draco and Theo studied diligently, and did extracurricular activities to not miss out on their defence studies. The obnoxious pink toad masquerading as their defence teacher continued to be obnoxious. The first lesson they had with her, she instructed them to put away their wands and read from the contradictory drivel that was their defence book. The first lesson quickly proved how the rest of the year under her would be.

The only reprieve for the trio was the knowledge that their world would soon be much better.

... Subject One displayed unusual damage to the temporal lobe and brainstem...

It was two months into a miserable term for Jasmine and most of the school body. The pink fiasco "instructing" them in defence had become notorious for her deplorable and wretched lessons. The final straw for Jasmine came when she was called to a tea with Umbridge. Jasmine, the perfect student that she was, of course accepted with a smile.

"I like to hear how my students are doing with these informal meetings over a cup of tea," she began as she poured some tea in the cup before Jasmine. The walls were covered in, admittedly adorable, portraits of cats.

Jasmine picked up the cup and held it in her lap.

"Please, have a drink," Umbridge urged, so Jasmine reluctantly did.

She sipped the tea she had been given slowly. As the liquid entered her mouth, ice shot through her veins. A violating tranquillity descended on her mind. It was only her skill as an occlumens that allowed her to retain control of her words.

"Now, how are you feeling, Miss Potter?"

... despite no external injuries, Subject Two has severe damage to her internal organs...

"The toad gave me Veritaserum and asked about the rest of you."

"SHE WHAT?!?"

... speculated that Subject Two experienced a great deal of pain before expiring...

He sits in the armchair the next time she talks to him.

"Did you know that she's giving Veritaserum to students?"

His eyebrows rose. It looked like actual surprise, but she could not tell if it was genuine or not.

"I did not. I'll have Severus dispense the antidote."

... Subject One expired by asphyxiation...

Despite Draco and Theo being the only two with the dark mark, all Slytherins in their year make sure that Jasmine is never alone whenever she is outside the common room. There are a few unfriendly attempts by members of other houses to jinx her. Especially from Hufflepuffs since they still held resentment for her stealing the Triwizard Cup from them. Luckily for Jasmine, Slytherins display an united front, regardless of internal politics. She is even luckier since there are only very minor internal struggles within Slytherin.

Her notoriety, however, makes it hard for her, Draco and Theo to slink away to work on their special project in a forgotten room in the dungeons. Most of the time only one or two of them slip away to check on the cauldron. The three make an effort to be seen publicly, and with

other Slytherins (and when they can manage Ravenclaws too) around them. They spend much of their free time studying in the library.

... Subject Two expired by the killing curse...

The school year seems to pass agonisingly slowly. It is not until April that their project shows true results. All three had managed to slip away when their project finally worked.

"We actually did it?" Draco asked, disbelief colouring his voice.

"We did it," Jasmine answered smiling.

... Subject One's wand has still not been found...

A few days later, Jasmine performs a ritual in the bathroom she shares with Daphne. She pretends to fall asleep and waits for hours until she's certain that Daphne is sleeping. She painstakingly draws the runes in Parseltongue and triple checks every single line. Then she begins chanting.

Jasmine has to repeat the verses several times before she sees any result. It starts as a vague outline, but slowly gains more opacity. When Jasmine's finished she cannot help but stare at the result.

I hate you for not answering (now you gotta do what you gotta do)

Jasmine walks to Charms with her fellow Slytherins, and Jasmine watches as the poison paralyses Dumbledore.

Jasmine enters Umbridge's office to tell her disturbing news about Dumbledore, and Jasmine sits next to Draco in Charms.

Jasmine follows Umbridge to the Headmaster's office, and Jasmine practises a non-verbal levitation charm with Draco.

Jasmine casts imperio on Umbridge, and Jasmine succeeds in casting a non-verbal levitation charm.

Jasmine makes Umbridge strangle Dumbledore, and Jasmine gains five points for Slytherin for being the first to successfully cast a non-verbal levitation charm.

Jasmine watches gleefully as the life gradually leaves Dumbledore's eyes, and Ron complains a little bit too loudly about how a Slytherin must have cheated.

Jasmine allows herself to laugh slightly as she takes possession of Dumbledore's wand, and Jasmine gives Ron a questioning look.

Jasmine points Dumbledore's, now her, wand at Umbridge and whispers "avada kedavra", and Jasmine suppresses a smile as Flitwick removes five points from Gryffindor.

Jasmine kills both Dumbledore and Umbridge in the headmaster's office, and Jasmine is in her Charms class with her fellow sixth year Slytherins and Gryffindors and Professor Flitwick.

Jasmine has spent most of her day in the library with Draco, Theo, Pansy, Sue Li, Justin Finch-Fletchley, and Hannah Abbott. All of them in the view of Madam Pince.

It is just after 4 pm when the school is put in lockdown.

Everyone are ordered into the great hall, waiting for information. Rumours of varying degrees are spread before Minerva McGonagall, Deputy Headmistress, enters the room with a solemn and defeated look. The chatter dies down as she moves through the room. A sense of dread settles over the hall.

She cleared her throat before speaking, "Albus-" her voice breaks and a lone tear escapes her eye before she continues, "Albus Dumbledore and Dolores Umbridge have been found dead."

20 May 1997

The Daily Prophet

Minister for Magic Thomas Gaunt Slytherin to Adopt Girl-Who-Lived Jasmine Potter

The newly appointed Minister for Magic Thomas Gaunt Slytherin has announced his claim to the guardianship of Heiress Jasmine Potter. Gringotts have confirmed that both blood and magic accepts the claim. When asked for comment, both parties stated that they are satisfied with the guardianship. Heiress Jasmine Potter will soon be turning 17, but stated that she wants to enjoy her last months of minority under the guardianship of someone who respects her independence, while at the same time can give her guidance as she enters majority. Minister Slytherin likewise stated that he wishes he could have discovered their blood connection earlier so he could have helped her through her time at Hogwarts.

Before his death, Albus Dumbledore was the appointed guardian of Heiress Jasmine Potter. The late Headmaster claimed that the Heiress received proper education before Hogwarts, though this claim has been put into question lately considering...

"You never did tell us how you did it," Theo says pointedly one hot summer day.

Draco looks up from his book, waiting for her answer.

"Simulacrum."

Both boys looked at her like she was speaking Gobbledegook. She chuckled in genuine joy when she saw their confusion.

"It's advanced Parselmagic," she explained. "Father taught me," she continued. "Think of it as a clone of myself."

Her two best friends made slight noises of understanding before the three of them fall into another comfortable silence.

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